



AN ELEGY

On the Death of the late Famous

Observer, Mr. John Tutchin ;

*Who departed this Life, at his Lodgings in the Mint, on Tuesday
the 23d of September, 1707. in the 47th Year of his Age.*

Written by the Author of the *Review*.

Mourn, Mourn, ye *Presbyterians*, all undone,
For your great Oratour, Fam'd *Tutchin's*
(gone;
And left his mighty *Patrons* in the lurch;
Since they like him, despis'd the truest Church.
A Church, if it was really understood,
Appears so Moderately Just and Good ;
That none but Wicked Men can it refuse ;
Nor the Mild Laws of this *True Church* Abuse.
Long you Applauded, and Upheld the Noise,
Of his Dissenting and Factitious Voice,
Who in his *Papers* did strange things Disperse ;
Whilst Stranger things were forced to *Rehearse* :
But, I believe you have no cause to Mourn ;
Altho' *Great Tutchin* from your Arms is born,
Who with his Noise against all Reason stood,
And did his Party far more Harm than Good ;
Better did we with one another joyn,
And in one Church, one Heart, one Love combine,
Then set up Babling Writers, Party-1 ools,
More Noise than Reason, and more Knaves than
(Fools.

To each Party's Prejudice things Relate,
And make a difference in each Church, and State :
Which had not they stirr'd up the Ashes first ;
Each Cause had lain securely in the Dust.
No Man had been detected of a Crime ;
Nor no Man Scandaliz'd in Prose or Rhyme.
By any Writer that's Malicious giv'n,
Who to enjoy his Ends would forfeit Heav'n.
But he is gone ! Farewel for ever more,
The Man the *Whigs* so dearly did adore :
That to Espouse his Cause wou'd talk so loud,
And utter such soft Sayings to the Croud ;
That when at the *Guild-Hall* he did appear,
Tho' Guilty found, there was no danger near.

A Man of Words, big with illiteral Parts,
Who only found a way to please their Hearts.
Happy for them had he been never Born,
But from his Mother's Womb been rudely torn,
Then no Dissention had by him been sown,
Nor to this heighth had e'er this Malice grown.
By him the Luke-warm Passion's rais'd too high
For any Moderate Person to come nigh.
To speak in Praise of all the Acts he's done,
And write of High-Church, and of Battles won,
I can't have Room, but this I dare to say,
England may joy to think he's out o'the way.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies the Observer of us all ;
And on each thing he thought a Crime, he'd
(call.
He'd spare no Age, nor Sex, nor any Station,
No Statesman wou'd be matter in the Nation.
He was a mighty Man for Rightly Teaching ;
And loved dearly the True Canting Preaching ;
But Faithful, aye, or no, unto his Party ;
If I may speak my Mind, he was not hearty,
But he is dead and gone, alas ! farewell ;
Where is he gone ? I wonder who can tell ?
No matter where, since he is dead and gone,
And that his Body lies secure beneath this Stone.

FINIS.